



MERSEY THIRSTDAYS HASH HOUSE HARRIERS

Run Number 110 18th December 2008
Maharaja Restaurant, 34-36 London Road, Liverpool

The Pack: Compo; Snoozanne; Carthief; Mad Hatter; 10 Seconds (Hare); FCUK; Overdrive; Cleopatra; Sprog; Penny Lane; Drillbit; OTT; Hansel; Slot Machine

Meeting up in the pub next to the restaurant, **Sprog** handed out Father Christmas hats to everyone.



Although quite why **Hansel** is trying to hide his is a mystery.

Drillbit arrived without spotting the Pack in the pub and started following Trail (actually the ON INN). A swift run and shout soon brought him back to the pub.

The Pack assembled for the Hash Flash



and the Hare explained the markings.

There was to be some markings in chalk followed by letters ("O" was not to be confused with a Check) and some stars to indicate spaces as in a telegram (What is a telegram? do I hear the younger members ask.)



The letters had to be remembered and a Christmassy saying deduced when all the letters had been found and put in the correct order.

Off we went with the Hare lending a guiding shout as to direction.

A grinding halt developed at the first letter as the **FRBs** tried to decide if it was a Check, an "O" or just a mess



Letters started appearing with some regularity and a star of David made itself known



as we made our way to the Everton Hill and an impromptu history lesson from **Mad Hatter**



The now traditional sight of **Compo** checking that the gate width was sufficient for his sturdy frame was witnessed by **Sprog** and **Mad Hatter** (and **Hash Flash**)



We continued on our way up to the water tower cleverly disguised as a police station (or is that the real Tardis?)



Running up Molyneux Street and turning left into Farnworth Street we came across an arrow that had either taken somewhat longer than 10 Seconds to complete, was evidence of a much earlier Hash (Roman?) or was just a coincidence.



Some more letters



and we were on to the



Back at the chariots no time was lost (except by the **FRBs** waiting for the **SRBs**) and we retired to the Maharajah for the much organised, discussed and pronounced food.

Kingfishers, popadoms and food arrived and whilst **Penny Lane** found an old moustache in her back pocket



the rest of us tucked in.



The **RA** ordered the Down downs and gave the Hare 10 seconds to down his beer.

Returnees Penny Lane, Slot Machine, Drillbit.

Sprog for producing Santa hats.

Slot Machine for not needing a hat. The beer cooled him down enough for him to put it on.

Compo for being propositioned half way round the run. He told the lady that either she had low standards or that she would be disappointed.



FCUK presented a 101 T shirt to **Penny Lane**



By this time with their tenacity **Snoozanne** and **Compo** (there may have been others but the noise was mainly coming from these two) had worked out that the letters had to be rearranged into Ten Lords a-Leaping. The peculiar thing was that **10 Seconds** thought that by telling us that there was a hyphen in one of the words he was giving us a major clue.

Compo rounded off the evening with his sermon concerning the blonde who arrived at the Pearly Gates to be asked three questions.

1st question

Which of the days of the week start with T? "Today and Tomorrow"

2nd question

How many second's in a year? "Twelve. 2nd January, 2nd February,"

3rd question

What was the name of the swagman in Waltzing Matilda? "Andy. Andy watched Andy waited"

The Plan

In the beginning was the Plan

And then came the Assumptions

And the Assumptions were without form

And the Plan was without substance

And the darkness was on the face of the Workers

They spoke amongst themselves saying

"It is a crock of shit and it stinks"

And the workers went to their Supervisors and said

"It is a plan of dung and none may abide by the odour thereof"

The Supervisors went unto their Managers saying

"It is a container of excrement, and it is very strong such that none can endure it"

And the Managers went unto their Directors saying

"It is a vessel of fertiliser, and none may abide by its strength"

And the Directors spoke amongst themselves saying one to another

"It contains that which aids plant growth, and it is very strong."

And the Directors went unto the Vice Presidents saying unto them

"It promotes growth and is very powerful"

And the Vice Presidents went unto the President saying

"This new Plan will actively promote the growth and vigour of this Company, with powerful effects."

The President looked unto the Plan and saw that it was good.

This is how Shit happens

By the way did anyone notice Compo's resemblance (Run 108) to the man of steel?

